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EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES

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MORMONS DOING WELL

The Oregonian commenting on a statement made by some Sociologist that after the war there would be plenty of women tramps, and the further suggestion that some talk of polygamy had been suggested as a means of quickly replenishing the population of Europe, says: "That would furnish an opening for the Mormons to move bodily to some country which encourages them to marry an unlimited number of its surplus women." If our big contemporary had kept close tab on the "Mormon Church of Latter Day Saints of Jesus Christ" as they style themselves, it would know that the Mormon church is in no need of moving to any other country. It is claimed the practice of polygamy is no longer in vogue, however, but as to that only those in the church can answer. It is a matter easily proven though that the Mormon church is growing in the most surprising manner. It controls Utah politically and financially. It has Idaho in a firm grip in both these lines and New Mexico is almost under its control. It has, owing to its tithing system, more money than any other church and this vast fund is increasing so rapidly as to astound that part of the financial world in touch with the situation. Recently the church erected an administrative building in Salt Lake City at a cost of three million dollars, and it possesses a general fund of at least three hundred million dollars. It owns the richest mines in the territory, it controls the sugar beet industry of two possibly three states, it owns two-fifths of the Oregon Short line railroad and is interested in others, it has water rights of untold value and it has investments in all parts of the United States. On top of this is its tithing system that brings in one-tenth of the products of the Mormon people yearly. It is establishing its churches in every state in the union from Maine to California and even down in Mexico. Wherever it gets a foothold there like a Canada thistle it stays, and there it prospers. There is no need of the Mormon church seeking or accepting any larger or more prolific field than the United States. It is doing very well thank you, and shows some growth in the last seventy years. There is quite a difference between living on roots and lodging in hovels as the Mormon people did when they first came to Utah, and building \$3,000,000 buildings just for its own convenience. There is a difference between crossing 1200 miles of wind swept and desolate prairies with all one's worldly possessions in a hand cart, and owning and operating a thousand miles of railroad.

Lieutenant Shackleton is a leader men can tie to. Leaving his crew or most of it, marooned on the ice last April, he with a few chosen men in a small boat made the passage through seven hundred miles of ice floes to a whaling station at South Georgia, and at once began the attempt to save his companions. They were left with only provisions for five weeks, and it was necessary to hurry. Three different attempts were made by him to reach his companions, and it was only last Sunday that the glad news was sent from Puntas Arenas Chile that the daring explorer had succeeded and brought his men safely out of the desolate antarctics, and all in good health. It is a record to be proud of and a deed of daring to which the world takes off its hat.

Mr. Hughes having been dumb as an oyster concerning the threatened railroad strike, never opening his mouth or dropping a suggestion concerning it; comes out in vitriolic criticism of the settlement the moment it is made. He is criticism personified, having been educated in that line while on the supreme bench, where his business and delight was to seek for and discover flaws in any old thing brought before him; and like all critics, has degenerated into a common scold.

Marshfield is just beginning to find out what a big place she is destined to become, and of how much importance to the balance of the state. With a thirty foot channel and a shorter haul to world markets she is bound to become the shipping point for southern Oregon.

JUST LIKE WHAT YOU GET

The Southern Pacific is charmingly frank and equally polite. Answering a complaint that a certain mill could not get cars for hauling its logs, the managers write the Public Service Commission explaining it satisfactorily. They say the reason there are no cars for the logs is that the company had to use the cars for the purpose of hauling the finished product from the mill. That explanation should satisfy almost anyone except of course the fellow who wants cars and cannot get them. No reasonable man can dispute the fact that the same cars cannot be engaged in hauling logs to the mill and the finished product, the lumber, away at one and the same time. If the mill cannot get its lumber hauled away it has no use for the logs, and once it has no logs it will not need any cars to haul its lumber away for it will have none to haul. Here are all the elements of logic applied. The premises are plainly stated and the conclusions irrefutable.

Following out this line of reasoning it will be seen that there is no reason for complaining about car shortage. The producer should remember that when a car takes his product to market he cannot expect to have it ready to carry more while it is being returned to him. It cannot possibly be traveling away loaded and coming back empty at the same time. This is on the well known principle that you cannot eat your cake and have it at the same time. The shipper disposed to complain should remember that he must give his carload of stuff time to reach the markets and the car to get back before he thinks of complaining.

With this system in operation the car shortage would no longer exist for the shipper would have one going or coming and what more can he reasonably desire? Why should a millman be in a hurry to have his lumber hauled away when he has no more logs? And why should he want more logs when the lumber he has cannot be hauled to market? Go to, you foolish millman! If you don't get what you like, like what you get, and you will be happy and contented.

No matter what is done concerning the final settlement of the dispute between the men and the railroad managers, it is pretty certain the eight hour day has come to stay. It may turn out that the railroads will not be badly hurt as they imagine they will be, and that the whole affair may be dropped. Then men say they are willing to help the roads get better rates if they are necessary on account of the change in time. If the roads get this increase they will probably be satisfied. They could pay three times the wages they have paid, or will pay under the new schedule, and not feel it if the water was squeezed out of their stocks and the roads only had to earn a fair return on the money actually invested.

The little cabin where Abraham Lincoln was born now belongs, as it should, to the people of the United States. It is a sacred spot; a shrine toward which Americans can turn to draw strength for better and greater deeds in the betterment of the world and the uplifting of humanity. It is the political Bethlehem, for there was born the man destined to show the way to higher and purer political life and of whom it can be said: "He stooped to touch what others soared to reach."

The latest dispatch concerning Villa says "he is still somewhere in Mexico." We submit that anyone who is familiar with Northern Mexico its heat, bugs, insects, reptiles and natives; that the statement that he is in Northern Mexico does not necessarily imply that he is alive. When hell gets crowded that section will serve well for the over flow population.

The soldier boys not only got the glad hand this morning but also a cheering mandout. No doubt they appreciated both.

Welsh is still the lightweight champion but it was a close shave. Almost as close as it was for the referee.

Of course it had to rain when the boys came home, else how would they know they were home?



INVITATION TO AUTUMN

Come, gentle Fall! Imperial Autumn, come! Heat long endured has knocked us out of plumb; sagged in the back and wobbly in the knees, humbly we beg a breath of Autumn breeze. Long have we watched the red hot days drag by, panting and sick beneath a well-done sky; as people long, when Winter has its fling, long for the glow and genial warmth of Spring, so do we yearn, our backs against the wall, yearn for your chill, O life-preserving Fall! Bring on your frost, regardless of expense! Bid Summer quit, bid heat go humping hence! Wilted we stand, a weary, washed-out band, hoping that snow will come and hide the land, muttering low, amid the endless heat, "Fall, when you come bring forty kinds of sleet! Let every gust be born of arctic snows, freeze all our ears, put chillblains in our toes! Cover our spinach with a coat of rime, let us be cold, for three months at a time!" Let us repeat, ere heat hath made us dumb, Come, gentle Fall, imperial Autumn, come!



THE TATTLER

Labor day was quietly observed in Salem.

Colorado Springs was the war zone yesterday.

Anyway, the dust is settled.

Much of the spiciest news is never printed.

Nice lot of boys, those Company M fellows. Nice lot of folks they've got, too. And some of their friends are pretty nice people also.

A kitchen stove that will bake biscuits on its inside and boil sugar on its outside is a good enough stove for anybody.

A certain man in Salem laughed Sunday, and now he has two cracks in his face instead of one.

Hop yard dance promoters are busy.

Business at the picture theatres is increasing.

Looks like a good fair.

The weather next Saturday bids fair to be cool. Too bad. Half of the good old circus smell is lost in cool weather.

Whether the crop is long or short, the hop pickers have had the joy of spending their money in anticipation.

BREWERIES NOW MAKE FRUIT JUICE

(Kansas City Star.)
In the campaign for prohibition in Oregon and Washington the liquor interests pointed to the big brewing plants, which would be closed, and the hundreds of men who would be thrown out of work if those states became dry, and that argument had influence with many voters. But prohibition came in both those states and this is what happened:
You have seen in The Star a page advertisement of "Loju", a new fruit juice. That is a product of the breweries of Oregon and Washington.
Leopold F. Schmidt, founder and owner of great breweries in Olympia, Salem and Bellingham, saw that prohibition was coming. He believed in the future of fruit juices, and he organized a company and before the prohibitory law went into effect he stopped making beer and equipped his three brewery plants to make "Loju." The juice of loganberries and "Appleju" the juice of ripe apples. The new fruit juices were liked by the public, the demand grew, the business prospered and now, instead of being closed, the three breweries are running at full capacity and more men are employed than formerly. And these men have the pride of knowing that they are in a clean business which is a benefit instead of a curse to mankind.

Idaho Holding Its Primary Election

Boise, Idaho, Sept. 5.—Republicans and democrats are nominating congressional, state and county tickets in the Idaho primary today.

Interest centers in the republican gubernatorial and congressional contests. Captain E. C. Davis of Boise, D. W. Davis of American Falls, Lieutenant Governor Herman Taylor of Sand Point and George E. Crum of Lewiston are in the race for governor. Congressmen Addison T. Smith and Robert M. McCracken, seek re-nomination. Other congressional candidates are Burton L. French of Moscow and E. E. Elliott of Bonners Ferry. Governor Alexander has no opposition for re-nomination.

His Device.
"Hullo, Tom! What's this I hear about your having some labor-saving device?"
"It's true, all right. I'm going to marry an heiress."



CLIFFORD'S LOVE WANES

Father and mother had been gone three days when Clifford returned. He was sitting up, and the baby had grown wonderfully. He came in about 7 o'clock in the morning. He was bronzed with the sun and wind, full of good nature because of the very good time he had had on his vacation, and his success in fishing.
"Did you have a good time? Are you glad to get back? Don't you think baby wonderful?" I asked, not taking breath.
"Yes, I had a tip-top time," he said in answer to my query. "I never knew the fish to bite better! You got my letter?"
"Yes, I received your letter," I answered coldly, still indignant that it had been the only letter I had received; and more so that he could so calmly mention it, and without apology. "I did not attempt to reply, as you had left no sure address—even had we wished to communicate with you," I added, determined he should know that I resented his neglect.
"You look very well again!" he returned, paying no attention to the remarks.
"Yes, I am quite well. The doctor says I may go out tomorrow."
"That's fine! I'll get a machine and take you and the kid for a ride. Miss Elden can go with us. By the way,

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MY HUSBAND AND I

By Jane Phelps

CLIFFORD'S LOVE WANES

how is the baby? Quite a young lady now, I expect!"
"Indeed she is!" I replied with enthusiasm, although hurt that he had forgotten my remark when he first came in. "Would you care to see her?" still resentful. "Miss Elden will bring her in if you would. She is with Mandy."
"My! how she has grown!" he said, when the baby was laid in his arms.
"Why not? She has had plenty of time," I rejoined. Then, seeing that Clifford was in no way impressed either by my tone, or the sarcasm, I boasted. "She looks exactly like you! You couldn't deny her if you wanted to."
Baby Is Admired.
"Who wants to? Not me! although I am sorry she doesn't resemble you. Her chances as a beauty would be increased. But as it is I expect I shall be very proud of the young Miss," and he laid her very gently on the bed.
What a foolish thing a woman is, a young woman. Just because of those few gentle words I could almost have forgiven Clifford the neglect of months. He continued:
"Now I must go to the office," and he kissed first me, then the baby.
(Tomorrow—An Automobile Ride.)

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